

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

TELEPHONE NUMBERS	
Business Office	331
Editorial Rooms	100
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION	
DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year	\$6.00
DAILY and SUNDAY, Three Months	1.50
SUNDAY, One Year	3.00
WEEKLY, One Year	1.00

There will be light rains today and colder Tuesday.

PERSON IS DEAD.

One of the world's greatest and most famous preachers died last night when the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon breathed his last. He was born June 19, 1834, and was therefore at the date of his death 58 years of age. He was intended by his family for the office of an independent minister, but his sympathies drew him towards the Baptists, whose connection he joined in 1850. In 1851 he moved to Cambridge where he began to deliver cottage sermons. The popularity of the "boy preacher" was immediately established, and at the age of 18 he was given charge of a small church in Waterford. In 1854 he assumed the pastorate of the New Park street chapel, London, where he drew such crowds that the building had to be enlarged. He then went to the Surrey Music hall and subsequently his followers built the tabernacle in Newington Butts which was dedicated in 1861. His work here embraced many missions and he preached to thousands every Sunday. His sermons have been published since 1854. They have had an enormous circulation and many of them have been translated into several languages. He wrote "John Houghman's Talks," "The Treasury of David," "Lectures to Students," and many other religious books, and since 1865 he edited "The Sword and Trowel," a monthly magazine. Spurgeon was a profound man. His thoughts were deep and ponderous. Unlike Talmage he resorted to none of the arts of oratory to attract, but rather depended upon the virility and cogency of his reasoning, clothed in eloquent words to convince. He was intensely pious and piously intense. In 1886 when the Pall Mall Gazette published the sensational exposures Spurgeon boldly commended the paper saying in the course of a sermon: "St. Paul felt it necessary to mention the hidden vices of the heathens and left on record an exposure of the sins of the day which crimsoned the cheeks of the modest when they read it. It becomes every preacher to cry out and spare not." His radical and consistent attitude at that time attracted world-wide attention. His name is now added to the roster of the illustrious dead and in the list with Luther, Beecher and other great pulpiteres his will stand at the head of earth's greatest and best.

ABOVE SELFISHNESS.

It is gratifying to observe that a morning contemporary rises above the narrow and selfish confines of business rivalry to aid THE HERALD in its efforts to relieve the distress of the unfortunate poor of the city. It is a striking example of broad helpfulness. It also illustrates the trend of modern journalism toward united action in a common cause when the objects and aims are laudable. No newspaper in this city can afford to lay aside its humanity and close its eyes to an existing evil or the distress of those in hunger, cold and sickness, because a business competitor has been the first to investigate and make the facts known. Such a sin of omission rankles with selfishness, covetousness and jealousy. The Democrat's article on the prevailing distress among the worthy poor published yesterday is by all odds one of the most graceful compliments paid to the reliability of THE HERALD's accounts of poverty among the lowly and a very strong commendation of THE HERALD's enterprise in establishing a relief bureau and fund to aid the Rev. Mr. Frye in his noble work of unselfish charity. From the accounts already published the general public can form a pretty correct idea of the extent of suffering. It is perhaps superfluous to add that these accounts have not been exaggerated. Real want and real misery do exist in homes not yet reached. The present city poor department management is so inefficient and incompetent that little or nothing can be expected from it when the necessity for immediate help is imperative. Then, too, the cases which THE HERALD seeks to relieve are such that a visit to the poor director is precluded, first by sickness and then through fear of being received with coarse jeers and wanton insults. The condition of our unfortunates is now before the public. The public has responded nobly to the call. Will there not be more responses? The demand is great.

SENATORS BY RAIL.

If congress shall submit to the people the proposed constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States senators by the people, it will be approved and ratified by every state in the union. There is no good reason why the present system should be continued and every good reason why it should be abolished and a direct vote by the people substituted. From a dignified body of statesmen, under the earlier administrations of the government, the senate of the United States has degenerated into an asylum for empty-headed millionaires. It is no sense representative as a body, and separated into its integral parts and each part analyzed, there appears to be an abundant scarcity of brains. Ability and fitness are no longer the prerequisites to election to the senate. Political rottenness and glittering gold win the high honor every time against any and all odds. There are notable exceptions to this general rule but they only serve to prove it. The people are disgusted with a system that will permit the establishment of a house of lords composed of feather-brained money-bags and low political tricksters. Their dissatisfaction is so general that a remedy must be found and applied at once. The wonder is that it has not been insisted upon before this. The election of "public officers" can never be brought too close to the people. As senators are now elected it is too often contaminated by bribery. A legislative representative can so easily forget his constituency with a roll of greenbacks in front of him that instead of exercising the power he was delegated by the people of his district to exercise, he sells it and there is no help for it. The institutions of this country are safer in the hands of the masses than in the hands of the few. The original source of power, the people, can never be corrupted; delegated power is always exposed to the canker of gold, and invariably yields to the contagion. The people demand the ballot for the election of senators, preferring to choose them by their free and untrammelled votes rather than that they shall select themselves by the weight of their money.

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT.

Every available seat in the great auditorium of Hartman's hall was occupied last evening by intelligent and appreciative people of both sexes gathered to listen to the sacred music of that sublime oratorio, "The Messiah." The Oratorio society, under whose auspices the solemn and impressive recital was given may take renewed hope of existence from the spontaneous and magnificent reception accorded it last evening. The society has several times presented strong musical compositions and asked the public to recognize its public spirit and enterprise, but the public stumbled at the door where an admission fee was charged, and the singers were uniformly compelled to sing to rows of empty chairs and the brilliant gas fixtures. With indomitable pluck and perseverance the director has kept the organization intact in spite of its lack of support from the people, and last evening with seats free to everybody there was not room enough to contain those who desired to listen to the inspiring music of Handel's profound arrangement. In the future the public will be less parsimonious when the Oratorio shall submit to its patronage one or more of its grand musical offerings. Last evening's presentation viewed from a moral standpoint was truly elevating. The story of the birth, life and death of Christ was told in measured stanzas of surpassing sweetness. There was the attraction of music, lofty and captivating, added to the charm of cultivated human voices in grand bursts of ringing melody, and the softer, more persuasive tones of the Eolian-voiced soloists. It was an orderly assembly of persons from all walks and conditions of society. The perfect order and unmisgiving moral lesson inculcated will go far toward removing the prejudice entertained by many against Sunday evening concerts. The persons present were lavish in their praise of the concert, and it may safely be said that the Oratorio society in giving this beautiful music free, has inaugurated a movement that will be productive of untold benefit.

THAT YOUNG MAN OF KALAMAZOO.

That young man of Kalamazoo who left a prospective bride and directed that his money be sent to the missionaries must have been moved by a spirit of compassion for the girl. Had he left her the money and himself gone to the missionaries her life would have been an unbroken desert of woe.

stomach bitters, it is about time to call a halt on the genius of the irreproachable advertising agent.

It's a mighty good thing that Blair was not sent to China. He would have bankrupted the government in paying toll on his messages to the state department.

The bitter rivalry of the Cleveland and Hill factions will make the choice of a dark horse a political necessity to prevent a total disruption of the party.

AMUSEMENTS.

Tonight and tomorrow night a very pleasing and entertaining innovation in the dramatic season will take place in the engagement of Magician Herrmann. This year Herrmann is an actor, not an entertainer, and he will produce several startling novelties in the way of illusions of his own invention and production. One of these is the famous "Strobeika." The story of the trick is rather romantic. It tells of the escape from a Russian torture chamber of a condemned officer of the guard, the substitution of the officer's sweetheart. He will also introduce the famous oriental fakir, Abdul Khan, Herrmann's illusions are important in the "New Art," "Finger, Child of the Air," "A Slave Girl's Dream," and other interesting novelties.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Magazine for February contains eight illustrated articles representing the work of Robert Blum, W. L. Metcalf, Irving R. Wiles, J. H. Twentieth, W. L. Taylor, and other skillful artists. In the group of Australian articles there is a vivid and picturesque description of pastoral life on the great sheep ranches which are peculiar to that country, fully illustrated from drawings by Birge Harrison, who has but recently returned from a long sojourn in that region. The notable group on Practical Charities is represented in this issue by "A Model Working Girl's Club," the Polytechnic Young Woman's Institute, of London, described by Dr. Albert Shaw, a close student of social and economic questions. The perilous cutter service of the United States is assigned during the winter months in relieving vessels in distress, is described by Lieut. Percy W. Thompson, of the cutter Dexter, and some of the most notable rescues are pictured by Samuel A. Wood. Dr. Benjamin Sharp, who was one of the party of naturalists who accompanied Lieutenant Peary to Greenland, tells about the isolated race discovered in 1913, in North Greenland, by Sir John Ross and named the Arctic Highlanders. Mr. Coffin's second article on "American Illustration of Today," discusses a notable group of artists, including Blinn, Mowbray, Millet, Crane, and others, with examples of their work.

WITH THE NUMBER FOR FEBRUARY THE FORUM COMPLETES ITS TWELFTH VOLUME.

Under conditions which make what may be fairly called a landmark in American literature. The dominant idea in the editorial policy of the Forum was to create a vehicle for the discussion of the great problems that press for solution in the United States. The February Forum has as a special feature an explanation of three of the greatest industrial problems in all history—which now await us: The Nicaragua canal (in both its commercial and its political aspects), the further development of lake commerce and of ways to the sea, and the reclaiming of a great domain by irrigation. In the same way, the largest experiments that have been made in practical philanthropy—General Booth's great plan of work in England and the German labor colonies for tramps—have been investigated for the Forum by Professor Francis G. Peabody (who is now studying social systems in Germany), and by Dr. Albert Shaw, who went to London to study the results of the first year of General Booth's work with the large sum that was collected in response to his appeal in "Darkest England."

THE FEBRUARY ARCHA WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST BY THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE.

Its papers are all readable, many of them very strong. Briefly, the contents are as follows: Frontispiece, Herbert Spencer's very fine portrait of the great philosopher; Herbert Spencer's Life and Work, by W. H. Hudson; For many years Mr. Spencer's private secretary; Danger Ahead, a thoughtful discussion of the electoral college problem, by Robert S. Taylor; The Railroad Problem, by Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon; The Solidarity of the Race, by Henry Wood; Hypnotism and its Relations to Physical Research, by B. O. Flower; Inspiration, and Heresy, by G. Cameron, E. C. L. The Sub-Trajectory, by C. C. Post, author of "Driven Back to Sea;" The Tenement House, by the Rev. Burt Bates Howard; The Late American Monarch, by James Reilly, Jr.; "A Spoil of Office," part second of Mr. Hamlin Garland's great novel of the modern west. The Archæa has long since been recognized as indispensable to thoughtful people. No other great review is so sympathetic with progressive and reformative thought as this magazine.

IF A GIRL GOES ON THE STAGE SHE SHOULD BE PREPARED TO BEGIN ON A SMALL SALARY.

writes Fanny Davenport in an article on "Women's Chances on the Stage," in the February Ladies' Home Journal. My father's first salary was \$10 a week. I was more fortunate, since my first earnings were \$30 a week. Money should never be allowed to measure success in this of all professions. There is no successful woman on the stage today. I mean successful in the best sense of that word—who adopted the profession with the dollar mark in her mind before her act. If this little article is read by one girl who has an idea of becoming an actress simply because she thinks she can make more money than by becoming anything else, let me say to you in all sincerity: Stay away from the stage. When I received \$30 a week as my first salary, I thought the salary a very big one. But when I came to pay taxes, washing, dress for the stage, and such, I had only but a trifle left for

my saving fund. The salaries of actresses look large because the public hears only about the salaries and nothing about the expenses.

Common sense and good judgment are the qualities for which our American ladies are noted. When they find any article which will add to the comfort of their homes or to their personal appearance they speedily adopt it, being quick to discover the superiority of the new over the old. It is to this trait that the firm of A. McDowell & Co. owes the wonderful success of their French Fashion Journals among American women. Whenever these Journals are critically examined their superior merit is at once recognized. They not only give the styles one month earlier than the American Fashion Journals, but the variety, originality and practicality of these styles lift them so far above all others that they are now recognized as the standards of fashion for this country, as they have long been in France.

It is with pleasure that we receive from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. a copy of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's eagerly expected novel, "The History of David Greave." Mrs. Ward has shown herself to be a writer of incontestable genius. Her high enthusiasm for the moral elevation of the race has been one with the artistic impulse that has guided her pen. Like George Eliot she has once more taught us that fiction, far from being a merely superficial representation of passing situations and emotions, may grapple with the greatest problems and teach men noble truths. The book is a compact volume of four hundred pages, less didactic than "Robert Elsmere," but far surpassing it in interest and in literary merit. The publishers have included it in their new series of copyrighted dollar novels.

The Cosmopolitan for February contains a portrait of William Dean Howells, who will take editorial control of the magazine with the present editor, in March. "Love and Marriage in Japan," by Sir Edwin Arnold, is attractively "set" and beautifully illustrated. "The Petroleum Industry," by Peter MacQueen; "The Columbus Portraits," by William Elmeroy Curtis; "Leading Amateurs in Photography," by Clarence Bloomfield Moore; "Relation of Invention to Conditions of Life," by George H. Knight, are illustrated and are a few of the many attractions which this number presents to its readers. The sketch of Mr. Howells by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is interesting and well written.

The New England Magazine for February contains "Some Letters of Wendell Phillips to Lydia Maria Child," a collection of great interest. "Corot—His Life and Work," "The Princes and Cousins of Dakota," "The Grain Industry in New England," "The Churches in Worcester," and "A Country Boy's Recollections of the War," all are papers of great worth. The stories of "Salem Witchcraft" are continued in this number. The stories and poems are pleasing. The paper on Corot—the initial article—is illustrated finely, and the entire number will claim the interested attention of its readers.

Madame Henry Greville's superb novels hold a deservedly high rank. They are among the finest romances extant, and possess extraordinary interest while displaying great power, a thorough knowledge of human nature, rare descriptive ability and a vein of humor as keen as it is enjoyable. One of the best is "The Princess Roubine," or "Nadia's Vow of Love and Heroism," just published in "Petersen's New Twenty-five Cent Series" of choice fiction, which now numbers 190 volumes, and a complete list of them will be sent to any address, and when not to be had of your bookseller copies will be sent by mail, on receipt of retail price by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is an object lesson to those who have predicted high prices for books as a result of the international copyright law that Daudet's new novel, "Rose and Ninette: A Story of the Mores and Manners of the Day," will be published in this country for fifty cents. This notwithstanding the fact that the Cassell Publishing company paid a large price to the author for the copyright.

Claus Spreckels, the millionaire sugar manufacturer, whose plantations are in the Sandwich Islands, has written to Mrs. Helen Mather that he has carefully read her book, "One Summer in Hawaii" (Cassell Publishing company), and that he "commends it to the earnest attention and study of all such as are desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the beauties of that comparatively unknown and still less appreciated paradise of the Pacific."

TWO WERE MISSING.

A Clever Thief's Work and How He Was Captured.

CHAPTER I.

One morning about ten o'clock a St. Petersburg money lender and merchant was seated in his shop trying to devise some means of investing a considerable surplus which a creditor had just paid him. At that time the money market was dull and it was with great difficulty that capitalists could keep their funds profitably employed. As he was meditating upon various projects and becoming more and more disheartened with the thought of his idle money the carriage of Gen. Gorgoll, driven by his coachman in livery, stopped in front of the shop. The general, one of the handsomest men in St. Petersburg and one of the bravest soldiers in the army, alighted and hurried into the presence of the money lender.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" asked the general.

"Certainly," said the banker. "This way, if you please."

They stepped into the private office of the banker, whereupon the general, without further preliminaries, said:

"I suppose you know who I am—Gen. Gorgoll and superintendent of police."

"Certainly, your excellency," replied the banker.

"Well, I need immediately, for a very important affair, the sum of 25,000 roubles. I am too far from the minister of the exchequer to procure it; for a delay will ruin everything. Give me the 25,000 roubles in a bag of your choice to-morrow morning to my residence and I will give you the security for them."

"I am delighted for the favor," replied the banker. "I shall be only too happy to accommodate you with this sum, or even more."

"Very well, then loan me thirty thousand."

"Here they are, my lord," he said, counting them out.

"Thank! To-morrow, then, at nine o'clock, at nine o'clock."

The next morning, according to appointment, the banker presented himself at the home of Gen. Gorgoll, who

received him with his usual affability. The banker, exchanging the compliments of the day, waited for the general to open up the business on which the visitor had come. But instead of doing so, the general was silent and stood in an expectant attitude, now gazing at his caller, now looking out of the window. But hearing nothing from the visitor, he finally said:

"What can I do for you?"

"The question greatly embarrassed the banker, but he managed to stammer:

"I have come, sir—"

"I see you have," coldly replied the general.

This intimidated and alarmed the banker. He began to fear that the general was a scoundrel who had levied this large amount of money upon him and which he did not intend to repay. He began to fear the knout, or imprisonment, or banishment to Siberia for his presumption in demanding his own. Nevertheless he could not afford to lose such a sum. He might as well be excited as lose his fortune. So he boldly said:

"I have come for the money you borrowed yesterday."

"And pray, sir, who are you that dares to accuse me of borrowing money?"

"I am Anton Truvorski, merchant and money-lender, No. — Grand Million street. You came to my place of business yesterday morning. You said that an important official affair called for an immediate loan of 25,000 roubles. I handed you 25,000, which you took away, telling me to call on you this morning for your acknowledgment and ample securities for the loan. I have done so. I do not understand the motive of your denial. You surely do not wish to ruin me."

The general said nothing, but looked hard and cold and stern. The banker grew pale, for he saw in the determined look of the police officer a purpose not to acknowledge the debt, but rather, perhaps, to use his arbitrary power to put his claimant and accuser out of the way. Suddenly the official turned and rang for his servant.

"Order my carriage!" he said.

He put on the familiar gray coat with a big collar by which he was so well known in St. Petersburg.

"What was the color of the horse that was in the carriage yesterday?" he asked the merchant.

"It was a chestnut, my lord."

"Have the chestnut harnessed," he said to the servant.

"Repeat your story, if you please, omitting no detail whatever."

The merchant went carefully over it again.

"Your carriage is ready, your excellency," said the servant, entering.

"I will ask you to remain here until I return," said the general to the merchant. Quitting the room, descending the stairs to the street and getting into his drowsy he drove away.

The suspense of the merchant was terrible. He sat down but in half a minute rose again; walked the room; looked out the window; sat in another chair; once more got up; went to the door; looked out; saw no one, heard no one; but kept hoping, wishing for a solution to this mysterious affair. Should the police officer keep the money and not even accuse the banker of blackmail or attempted extortion—there was only a life of toil, poverty and disgrace before him.

In his desperation he began even to contemplate it. He involuntarily looked around the room to see if there was anything valuable or a place for concealing anything valuable which he might lay hands on by way of restitution. It was a bare official apartment with ordinary chairs, a long table and a writing cabinet furnished with drawers and pigeon holes. He stealthily approached it and carefully opened the drawers. Two of the twelve were locked. The rest contained only official papers and documents. He had several of his own keys in his pockets. He tried them one after another in the drawers. One of them turned the lock in the upper drawer. It too was full of papers. He took two or three of them up and looked at them. They were reports of various cases that had come under the supervision of the police general. On one of them was indorsed the name of the richest nobleman in the empire. A sudden but base thought struck the desperate merchant; he would read it and by means of the information extorted money from the nabob compromised in it. But he hesitated; he fumbled the little package, began opening it, then stopped and tried to peer into its folds. Suddenly the stopping of a carriage in the street below arrested him. It might be the general. A door below jarred. He thrust the papers into the drawer, and had barely time to look it again and seat himself at the window when the police general, striding at a hot pace, entered the room.

CHAPTER II.

In those days a line of sentinels was established at the corners of all the principal streets, who formed a part of the police force of the city. On leaving his house Gorgoll ordered himself driven to the block in which the jeweler's shop was situated. Stopping at the nearest sentinel's box, he said to him: "I passed here yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Did you see me?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Where did I go?"

"Over to the Tretyaki (Trinity) bridge."

The general was driven to the bridge. At its entrance he said to the sentinel: "I passed here at twenty minutes to eleven yesterday morning. Did you see me?"

"I did, your excellency."

"Where did I go from here?"

"Your excellency drove across the bridge."

He drove across the bridge and stopped in front of the "Hermitage" of Peter the Great. The sentinel at once stepped out of his box.

"I passed here yesterday morning at a little before eleven o'clock. Did you notice the way I took?"

"You went to the Viborg quarter, your excellency."

Gen. Gorgoll continued his catechizing of the sentinels from point to point, street to street, neighborhood to neighborhood, across bridges and along the wide avenues. At the last of the row of shops on the Grand Perspective he said to one of them:

"You saw me pass here at half past eleven yesterday morning. Did you notice where I drove?"

"Yes, your excellency, to No. 18 on the corner of the Canal Catherine."

"Did I go in there?"

"Yes."

"And come out again?"

"I did not see you."

"Very well. Have yourself relieved by one of your comrades and bring two soldiers from the nearest barracks."

"Yes, your excellency."

The sentinel hurried away and in ten minutes returned with the soldiers. Accompanied by them the general presented himself at No. 18, closed all the outside doors, cross-examined the porter, ascended the stairs and without ceremony burst open the door of the front room. As he entered he came face to face with the inmate who, but for his hair, which was dark, might have been the twin brother of the police general. After one glance around the room, he said to the lodger:

"Your name is —?"

"Yes," stammered the man.

"Yesterday at ten o'clock you entered the shop, No. — Grand Million. You wore a yellow curled wig resembling my hair; you had on a gray coat with a heavy collar like mine; you drove up in a carriage like mine, with a chestnut colored horse like mine. In fact, you pretended to be Gorgoll, chief of police, and in my name to borrow 25,000 roubles for which I was to give security. You drove away, through many streets, across several bridges, back and forth until you arrived at this house. You are a notorious thief and pickpocket, who cunningly took advantage of your accidental resemblance to me, to rob the banker of a good portion of his fortune. You have it here. Hand it over! Give me that yellow wig which I see sticking out from under the gray coat which yesterday formed a part of your disguise!"

Perceiving that he had been effectually entrapped the thief went to a closet behind the chimney and took down the bag of gold, which he handed to the chief of police, saying: "I have spent two."

Gorgoll counted them, found them correct, handed the culprit over to the police, who carried him off to prison, while the general hastened back to his house. To the immense and natural delight of the banker, who had himself just come so near being tempted by his losses into the commission of a crime, he passed out to him the familiar canvas bag. With a cry of joy and astonishment at its restoration the banker seized it, but was so overcome by his feelings that he stared helplessly at the police official, asking for an explanation.

"Count them!" said the general, turning to his table and beginning to write.

The merchant eagerly undid the strings of the bag and feverishly emptied its contents upon the table. He began counting them, putting them back into the bag as he did so. At last he said:

"Two roubles are missing."

"That is strange."

"What is strange? That there should be so few gone?"

"Neither. But that the thief should tell the exact truth. They seldom do. He said he had spent two."

"Then you have captured him?"

"He is now in prison."

"How did you get him so quickly? It is hardly an hour since you departed."

The general told him.—Detroit Free Press.

CAN YOU TAKE PILLS?

Nevel Device by Which a Disagreeable Duty Is Made Pleasant.

That "improvement in the order of the day" is demonstrated in every possible direction, even in the manner of taking medicines after they have been prescribed by a physician.

I. Yates, of London, has invented a clever trick for taking pills, which some people are absolutely unable to do, says an exchange. Cut No. 1 illustrates the device itself. It consists of a narrow

metal band (a) with hooks (b and c) with which it is hooked on the glass. Cut No. 2 shows a glass fitted up with the "pill taker." The forked (c) basket-shaped extension (d) forms the receptacle for the pill. When a pill is to be taken the water, or whatever liquid is used with it, is poured into the glass, the pill is laid in the basket and the glass placed to the mouth, facing the basket. As the water passes through the prongs it washes the pill into the mouth and down the throat with neatness and dispatch.

An Experienced Burglar.

Young Burglar—These spoons ain't silver. They are the cheapest kind of imitation.

Old Burglar—That's lucky.

"Lucky?"

"Yep. Take 'em along."

"What for?"

"The leddy of the house will be afeared to set the detectives arter us, lest they should find them spoons an' describe 'em in th' papers."—Good News.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on tea

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GERR, 51 Terrace Street, Boston.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. J. HOOD & CO., Apocryphics, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar